Peter Stuyvesant's Valiant Attack Upon Fort Christina.

"Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast," and finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript—Expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray; like a round-bellied alderman, watching the combat of two chivalrous flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such

The noted bully Mars stuck two horse-pistols in his belt.

cases, were turned upon Fort Christina. The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet-show, scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavoring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their inkhorns—the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goosequills, or because they could not get anything to eat. Antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave, to see itself outdone—while even posterity stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the eventful field.

The immortal deities, who whilom had seen service at the "affair" of Troy—now mounted their feather-bed clouds, and sailed over the plain, or mingled among the combatants in different disguises, all itching to have a finger in the pie. Jupiter sent off his thunderbolt to a noted coppersmith, to have it furbished up for the direful occasion. Venus vowed by her chastity to patronise the Swedes, and in semblance of a blear-eyed trull paraded the battlements of Fort Christina, accompanied by Diana, as a Sergeant's widow, of cracked reputation. The noted bully, Mars, stuck two horse-pistols into his belt, shouldered a rusty firelock, and gallantly swaggered at their elbow, as a drunken Corporal—while Apollo trudged in their rear, as a bandy-legged fifer, playing most villainously out of tune.

On the other side, the ox-eyed Juno, who had gained a pair of black eyes over night, in one of her curtain lectures with old Jupiter, displayed her haughty beauties on a baggage wagon—Minerva, as a brawny gin-suttler, tucked up her skirts, brandished her fists, and swore most heroically, in exceeding bad Dutch (having but lately studied the language), by way of keeping up the spirits of the soldiers; while Vulcan halted as a club-footed blacksmith, lately promoted to be a Captain of militia. All was silent awe or bustling preparation; war reared his horrid front, gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his direful crest of bristling bayonets.

And now the mighty chieftains marshaled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand rocks—incrusted with stockades, and intrenched to the chin in mud batteries. His valiant soldiery lined the breastwork in grim array, each having his mustachios fiercely greased, and his hair pomatumed back, and queued so stiffly that he grinned above the ramparts like a grisly death's head.

There came on the intrepid Peter—his brows knit, his teeth set, his fists clenched, almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that raged within his bosom. His faithful squire Van Corlear trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribbons, the remembrances of his fair mistress at the Manhattoes. Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry of the Hudson.

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the midst of his career, and mounting on a stump addressed his troops in eloquent low Dutch, exhorting them to fight like duyvels, and assuring them that if they conquered they should get plenty of booty—if they fell, they should be allowed the satisfaction, while dying, of reflecting that it was in the service of their country—and after they were dead, of seeing their names inscribed in the temple of renown, and handed down, in company with all the other great men of the year, for the admiration of posterity. Finally, he swore to them, on the word of a Governor (and they knew him too well to doubt it for a moment), that if he caught any mother's son of them looking pale, or playing craven, he would curry his hide till he made him run out of it like a snake in springtime. Then lugging out his trusty saber, he brandished it three times over his head, ordered Van Corlear to sound a charge, and shouting the words "St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes!" courageously dashed forward. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck them into their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly under cover of the smoke.

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the cunning Risingh not to fire until they could distinguish the whites of their assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence on the covertway, until the eager Dutchmen had ascended the glacis. Then did they pour into them such a tremendous volley that the very hills quaked around, and were terrified even unto an incontinence of water, insomuch that certain springs burst forth from their sides, which continue to run unto the present day. Not a Dutchman but would have bitten the dust beneath that dreadful fire

Queued so stiffly that he grinned above the ramparts.

had not the protecting Minerva kindly taken care that the Swedes should, one and all, observe their usual custom of shutting their eyes and turning away their heads at the moment of discharge.

The Swedes followed up their fire by leaping the counterscarp, and falling tooth and nail upon the foe with furious outcries. And now might be seen prodigies of valor, unmatched in history or song. Here was the sturdy Stoffel Brinkerhoff brandishing his quarter-staff, like the giant Blanderon his oak tree (for he scorned to carry any other weapon), and drumming a horrific tune upon the hard heads of the Swedish soldiery. There were the Van Kortlandts, posted at a distance, like the Locrian archers of yore, and plying it most potently with the long-bow, for which they were so justly renowned. On a rising knoll were gathered the valiant men of Sing Sing, assisting marvelously in the fight, by chanting the great song of St. Nicholas; but as to the Gardeniers of Hudson, they were absent on a marauding party, laying waste the neighboring watermelon patches.—Irving.

Miss Slammer: "Ah! There goes Miss Cutter. She needn't hold her head up so high. If I remember, her great-grandfather was a peddler."

Miss Cutting (overhearing): "Indeed, how delighted I am to meet one who knew my great-grandfather."—From the German.

She Remembered Him.

"Well, my dear, I see that Verdi is dead."

"Yes. I noticed the city flag was at half-staff yesterday. He was a councilman, or something, wasn't he?"

"Not exactly, my dear. He was a famous composer?"

"What did he compose?"

"Music. Music for operas."

"Oh, like De Koven!"

"Well, not exactly like De Koven."

"No; there's nobody like De Koven."

"And he wrote beautiful songs."

"Coon or ragtime?"

"Neither, my dear. He was a little old-fashioned, perhaps. He delighted in more serious compositions. For instance, he wrote a magnificent requiem."

"I wonder if I didn't hear that the afternoon I went to the vaudeville show with Mame Frizzletop?"

"Why, you certainly must remember some of his music, my dear. There's the 'Tower scene' from 'Il Trovatore.' It's so familiar. Listen: 'Ah che la mort'—and all the rest of it. Don't you recall that"

"Yes, yes, I remember him now! He's the one that writes the music for the organ grinders!"—Plain-Dealer.

The Champion Kicker.

First Waiter: "That man over at the corner table is an awful kicker."

Second Waiter: "Yes; he complained the other day because there were no pearls in his oysters."

First Waiter: "And now he wants to know what we mean by removing the diamond back from the terrapin."—Philadelphia Record.

Going Through.

Bill the Bite: "Ever go through a railroad collision?"

Jake the Jonah: "Naw. Best ever I done was to go through the passengers after the collision."—Indianapolis Press.

This World.

This world is but a fleeting show
For possibly the wise
Are they who laugh or else applaud
And do not criticise.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It's hahd to strike an average in dis life," said Uncle Eben. "Mos' folks goes so slow dat dey doesn't get nuffin done or else dey hurries so fas' dey fal's down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Marshall's Absentmindedness.

One day Judge Marshall, engrossed in his reflections, was driving over the wretched roads of North Carolina on his way to Raleigh in a stick gig. His horse turned out of the road and the sulky ran over a sapling and was tilted so as to arouse the Judge. When he found that he could move neither to right nor left, an old negro, who had come along, solved the difficulty.

"My old marster," he asked, "what for you don't back your horse?"

"That's true," said the Judge, and he acted as advised. Thanking his deliverer heartily, he felt in his pocket for some change, but he did not have any.

"Never mind, old man," he said, "I shall stop at the tavern and leave some money for you with the landlord."

The old negro was not impressed with the stranger, but he called at the tavern and asked the keeper if an old gentleman had left anything there for him.

"Oh, yes," said the landlord, "he left a silver dollar for you. What do you think of that old gentleman?"

The negro gazed at the dollar and said: "He was a gem'man, for sho', but"—patting his forehead—"he didn't have much in here."—World's Works.

When the Calf Wants More Rope.

The man who boasts of wanting but little here below is usually the first to kick for more room in a crowded street car.—Chicago News.

Rejuvenated.

They make rather an odd-looking couple in their old-fashioned cutter as they jog over the boulevard, speaking to each other about once a mile, yet as contented and happy as in the days of their courtship. The other day they happened to be caught among the racers, and there was a new experience.

The family horse, whose declining years have been especially pleasant, pricked up its ears, made awkward attempts at prancing and showed other worldly signs of a desire to join in the sport.

"Ephraim!" said the aged wife, reprovingly.

"Tain't my fault," he replied, as he wrapped the reins about his hands. "Tarnal ole fool must be gettin' into his second childhood. Whoa, Dexter, ho, boy, stiddy now. I can't hold him, Angy."

"Get out of the road with that old crowbait and that old Noah's ark of yours," shouted one of the racers as he pulled alongside.

"Ephraim," snapped the little old woman, "what you hangin' onter that horse for? Didn't you hear that impert'nent ruffian. G'long, Dexter. Tech him with the whip, Ephraim, so he'll know what's expected. That's it. Let him out, lickety split. He hain't doin' his best licks. Tech him ag'in, Eph. Hi! hi! now he's movin'. Hokey, we're gainin', Eph. Gi' me the whip and you stiddy him. Ge-lang! ge-lang!"

"Whoa, boy," and the little old man was pulling hard, "whoa, boy, there goes yer bunnet, Angy."

"What! Ephraim! Quit that pullin'. Quit this instant," and she fairly lifted Dexter with a whole arm movement of the whip. "Are you gettin' seenile, man. What's a bunnet you've wore ten years. I wouldn't care of it was sot with di'monds." Whack, whack, and they finished strong two lengths to the good.

When the "ruffian" smiled and said it was the liveliest outfit he had ever seen on the boulevard "Angy" beamed on him, but on the way home she cautioned Ephraim half a dozen times to say nothing to nobody, it was so disgraceful, this horse racin'.—Detroit Free Press.

When You're "It."

When the lady
Rather sadly,
Or, it may be,
Rather gladly,
Tells you that with her you've failed to
Make a hit;
When she springs the
"Don't mind, do you?"
Or the "Be a
"Sister to you,"
Then the proper diagnosis
Is: "You're IT."

When the bunko
Steerer prances
Off with all of
Your finances;
When the street car gong rings after
You have hit;
When the auto-
Mobile shame you
Into hitching posts
And jams you—
Then the proper diagnosis
Is: "You're IT."

There will always
Be a witness,
Then you take the
Stink of it-ness,
And the title nearly always
Is a fit.
But when you're in
Grip's hot clutches,
And it gives the
Final touches,
Then the proper diagnosis
Is: "It's IT."
—Baltimore American.

Always Something Left.

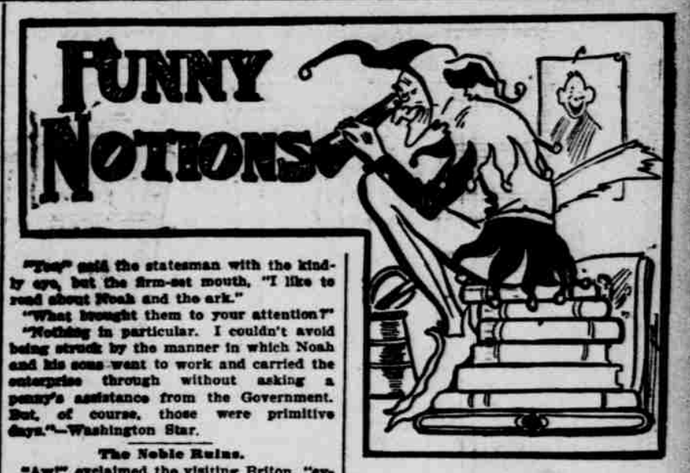
When everything else fails people can still quarrel over religion and medicine.—Atchison Globe.

"Beg your pardon, kind lady," began the polite beggar, "but I'm badly in need of money."

"I wonder if you deserve help?" said the kind lady, suspiciously. "If I was to give you a penny what would you do with it?"

"Your generosity would overwhelm me, ma'am; I'd buy a postal card and write you a note of thanks."—Philadelphia Press.

Funny Notions



"Yes," said the statesman with the kindly eye, but the firm-set mouth, "I like to read about Noah and the ark."

"What brought them to your attention?"

"Nothing in particular. I couldn't avoid being struck by the manner in which Noah and his sons went to work and carried the enterprise through without asking a penny's assistance from the Government. But, of course, those were primitive days."—Washington Star.

The Noble Ruins.

"Aw!" exclaimed the visiting Briton, "everything here is so new, don't you know. You have no noble old ruins in America as we have."

"No," replied the Yankee, "they merely come over here to marry our heiresses; then they go back home to England again."—Philadelphia Press.

To Phyllis.

When clad in silk my Phyllis goes,
As sweet as any summer rose,
I think I love her silken clothes.

Then, when she wears her brown cashmere,
Nothing seems to me so dear.
I've quite forgot the silk, I fear.

And when I see her blue brocade
I dare not look; I'm half afraid
To see her go so sweet arrayed.

But when she wears her muslin white
She is a dainty, heavenly sight.
I like the muslin best at night.

No matter how my Phyllis fares,
No matter what my Phyllis wears,
No one with Phyllis quite compares.
—Harvard Lampoon.

Had Proved It.

A good story was told at an election meeting the other night. An Irishman obtained permission from his employer to attend a wedding. He turned up the next day with his arm in a sling and a black eye.

"Hello, what is the matter?" said his employer.

"Well, you see," said the wedding guest, "we were very merry yesterday, and I saw a fellow strutting about with a swallow-tailed coat and a white waistcoat. 'And who might you be?' said I. 'I'm the best man,' sez he, and begorra he was, too."—Scottish American.

Reward.

Young Lady: "Give me one yard of—why, haven't I seen you before?"

Shop Assistant: "Oh, Maud, can you have forgotten me? I saved your life at the seaside last summer."

Young Lady (warmly): "Why, of course you did! You may give me two yards of the ribbon, please."—Tit-Bits.

Chemist: "Pills, eh? (Emphasizing question.) Anti-bilious?"
Child (readily): "No, sir; uncle is!"—Punch.

Then He Spoke Up.

Counsel: "I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. I want to know everything that passed between you and Mr. Jones on the occasion to which you refer."

Reluctant Witness: "I've told you everything of any consequence."

"You have told me that you said to him: 'Jones, this case will get into the court some day.' Now I want to know what he said in reply."

"Well, he said: 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopin', little, yee-hawin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talkin' to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"—Tit-Bits.

Then He Dodges.

Who says I cannot meet my bills?
Of bills that's the worst!
Why, sirs, I meet them every day—
Unless I see them first.
—Philadelphia Press.

His Cunning.

"For the last time," she whispered.

"Yes, for the last time," he repeated.

"It has been so lovely!" said she.

"Seraphic!" he murmured.

A tear stole down her cheek. Her lips quivered. He sighed, thinking of their broken lives—of the hours they had spent in happiness.

"Are you sure of yourself?" she asked with a sob.

"Yes," he replied, hugging her closer.

"Quite?"

"Quite."

With a struggle they parted. She listened to his footsteps, as they died away in the distance.

And then she went to the looking-glass, rearranged her ruffled hair, dabbed some powder on her ruddy cheek, and murmured with a yawn.

"I wonder what time he'll come to-morrow?"—Town Topics.

Different.

Briggs: "I hear you have been operating in Wall street."

Griggs: "A great mistake. I've been operated upon."—Harper's Bazar.

The Parvenu Turned Gentleman.

"All that's not prose is verse—and all that's not verse is prose."

The Philosophy-Master: What have you a mind to learn?

M. Jourdain: Everything I can, for I have all the desire in the world to be a scholar, and it vexes me that my father and mother had not made me study all the sciences when I was young.

The Phil.-Master: It's a very reasonable feeling. Nam, sine doctrina, vita est quasi mortis imago. You understand that, and are acquainted with Latin, of course?

M. Jour.: Yes; but act as if I were not acquainted with it. Tell me what it means.

The Phil.-Master: It means that without learning life is as it were an image of death.

M. Jour.: That same Latin's in the right.

The Phil.-Master: Don't you know some principles, some rudiments of science?

M. Jour.: Oh! yes, I can read and write. But now I must confide a secret to you. I'm in love with a person of quality, and I should be glad if you would help me to write something to her in a short billet-doux, which I'll drop at her feet.

The Phil.-Master: Very well.

M. Jour.: That will be gallant, won't it?

The Phil.-Master: Undoubtedly. Is it verse you wish to write to her?

M. Jour.: No, no, none of your verse.

The Phil.-Master: You would only have prose?

M. Jour.: No, I would neither have verse nor prose.

The Phil.-Master: It must be one or the other.

M. Jour.: Why so?

The Phil.-Master: Because, sir, there's nothing to express oneself by but prose or verse.

M. Jour.: Is there nothing, then, but prose or verse?

The Phil.-Master: No, sir; whatever is not prose is verse, and whatever is not verse is prose.

M. Jour.: And when one talks what may that be, then?

The Phil.-Master: Prose.

M. Jour.: How? When I say, "Nicole, bring me my slippers and give me my nightcap," is that prose?

The Phil.-Master: Yes, sir.

M. Jour.: On my conscience, I have spoken prose above these forty years without knowing it; and I am hugely obliged to you for informing me of this.

M. Jour. (to his wife): I'm ashamed of your ignorance. For example, do you know what it is you now speak?

Mme. Jour.: Yes, I know that what I speak is right, and that you ought to think of living in another manner.

M. Jour.: I don't talk of that. I ask you what the words are that you now speak?

Mme. Jour.: They are words that have a good deal of sense in them, and your conduct is by no means such.

M. Jour.: I don't talk of that, I tell you. I ask you what it is that I now speak to you, which I say this very moment?

Mme. Jour.: Mere stuff.

M. Jour.: Pshaw, no, it is not that. That which we both of us say, the language we speak this instant?

Mme. Jour.: Well?

M. Jour.: How is it called?

Mme. Jour.: It's called just what you please to call it.

M. Jour.: It's prose, you ignorant creature.

Mme. Jour.: Prose?

M. Jour.: Yes, prose. Whatever is prose is not verse, and whatever is not verse is prose. Now, see what it is to study.—Molière.

After a girl has been a wife for two weeks she loses all interest in love stories.—Chicago News.

OVERHEARD IN A RESTAURANT.

"Lend me a quarter?"

"Here."

"Thank you, I merely want to tip the waiter."—Fliegende Blaetter.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Importunate Poet (with lofty air): "This, sir, is my last poem."
Tired Editor: "Thank goodness!"—The King.